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THE NUR AF SHAN

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Vol. XI

LUDHIANA:—February 1st, 1907.

No. 5

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, Jan. 24.

Telegrams from Washington state that Mr. Bacon sent a note to Mr. Howard the British Charge d'affaires hastening to assure him on behalf of President Roosevelt that the American Government will pay no heed whatever to the Jamaica incident, and he much appreciates the frank and ready courtesy of Sir Edward Grey's despatch mentioned on the 21st. It is especially gratifying to the President to feel that it has been possible for America "to show her friendship for a community of your people in a time of suffering."

Two more shocks occurred at Kingston on the 22nd instant. They were the severest since the 14th and several buildings collapsed. There were no casualties but great alarm was caused.

H. M. S. *Brilliant* and the French Haytian Cruisers have arrived with supplies.

Mr. Lloyd George, speaking at Newcastle and referring to the House of Lords, said that the coming fight would be the greatest experienced by the democracy for generations. He agreed with Mr. Keir Hardie that, unless it were a fight to a finish, raising the question at all would be worse than a farce.

The Universal Provider, William Whiteley, has been shot dead while going to lunch by a young man who committed suicide immediately.

Whiteley's assailant is still alive. He alleges that he is a son of Whiteley but that the family had not known him. The murder followed a stormy interview in Whiteley's room.

The shop was crowded but was cleared and closed.

London, Jan. 25.

The Right Hon. Thomas Shaw, Lord Advocate of Scotland, speaking at Edinburgh, hinted at the possibility of passing a resolution in the House of Commons next session limiting the rights of the peers to a single session veto. If this is ignored then a Bill should be passed entitling the vetoed measures to the Royal Assent if again passed by the Commons.

A message from St. Petersburg states that Russia has notified China and Japan of her decision to evacuate Manchuria forthwith instead of awaiting the appointed date, the 15th of April.

The Inter-Oceanic Tehuantepec Railway, which Mexicans are confident will be a most formidable rival to the Panama Canal, has been opened at Santa Cruz in presence of President Diaz, the members of the Cabinet and the Diplomats.

London, Jan. 26.

A message from Kingston states the situation is improving. The shocks have ceased, and the people are repairing their houses.

London, Jan. 27.

The Mikado of Japan has telegraphed his sympathy in connection with the Jamaica disaster to King Edward, who has cordially replied.

London, Jan. 26.

It transpires that Sir Alexander Swettenham was so busy in rescue work that he was ignorant of the request of his subordinates that Admiral Davis should land a force, and he asked Admiral Davis to leave without communicating with his subordinates.

London, Jan. 27.

A quantity of gunpowder cartridges exploded in the private apartments of the Servian Crown Prince. The windows were shattered but no one was injured.

London, Jan. 26.

A noted English motorist, named Marriot, competing at Ormond Beach was going at 125 miles an hour when he struck an inequality on the beach. The car turned somersault three times. Marriot lies unconscious, having lost one eye and had a rib broken.

London, Jan. 28.

Mr. Bryce, speaking at a farewell banquet at Manchester said that Anglo-American relations were never so good as at present. This was evidenced by the Swettenham incident which at one time would be the signal for cries of defiance from the Press of both countries.

He paid a tribute to the lofty and broad spirit of Mr. Root's speech on January 23rd.

Washington advices state that the Inter-State Commerce Commission's report on the relations of railways and oil production severely comments on the Standard Oil Company's methods of crushing competitors. The whole railway system is permeated with discriminations in favour of the Standard Oil Company. It may be necessary for Government to fix rates and regulations.

A terrific rainstorm of ten minutes' duration has played havoc with the local shipping at Hong Kong. A hundred Chinese were lost. The British warships rescued many.

A colliery explosion has occurred at St. Johann, near Saarbruecken. Already 125 corpses have been recovered, and three hundred are still believed to be entombed.

Up to now 164 bodies have been recovered at the St. Johann Colliery also many miners have been injured. Two hundred are still entombed. A fire which has broken out has stopped the rescue work.

Several miners have been killed by an explosion at the Lievin collieries in the Pas de Calais.

London, Jan. 29.

Mr. Charles Hobhouse has been appointed Under-Secretary for India.

Friendly messages have been exchanged between the Tsar and the Emperor of China, and also between St. Petersburg and Tokio on the subject of the evacuation of Manchuria.

Seventy-two cases of cerebral meningitis have occurred in Belfast. Twelve have proved fatal.

The declaration of the French bishops, which the Pope has approved, has been published and displays a general disposition to accept the benefits of the law of 1907 provided that certain prerogatives of the Church are upheld.

Eleven cases of plague have occurred at Sydney. Two proved fatal.

The Rev. John Gibson Paton, the father of missionary work in the New Hebrides, is dead.

MADE IN JAPAN

LION BRAND

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The poem begun in our last number continues as follows:—

"So cried my soul, yet would I not obey,
But ever sought where seeking was in vain,
Finding no joy, no rest by day or night.
The world without was powerless to help;
For did it try, up rose my tyrant soul
And dragged me forth into the wilderness
Until I longed to sleep the sleep of death,
And drown my sorrow in oblivion.

One night I on a rock exhausted lay,
Rejoicing for I thought that I would die.
All day upon a hillside I had climbed,
Tottering along while, from above, the sun
Had beaten down as if to torture me.
Despairing I had cast the world aside
And come to seek some quiet empty spot
Where I might lay me down and wait for death.
The night was dark. No star show overhead
Hot was the air. No sound of gentle breeze
Brought soothing as it whispered to the trees.
No night bird called unto its feathered mate,
But black oppressive stillness seemed to reign,
And as my heart within seemed dark and dead,
So dark and dead seemed all the world without.

Methinks I must have slept, but all at once
I felt a hand upon my shoulder laid.
Too weak I was to rise, but panting lay,
Striving to pierce the blackness with my eyes.
Yet feared I not, for from that gentle hand
There flowed a power which thrilled my soul to life
A power which told of love past human ken
Of sympathy with all men's ills and woes,
Of peace and joy to come upon the world,
Of sin o'ercome and heaven opened wide.

At last in awe I whispered tremblingly:—
O thou who speaking dost comfort give—
O thou, who in one moment, by a touch
Hast given peace so great that all those things
Which dragged me down and filled me with despair
Seem far away or easy to be borne—
Thou in whose presence my poor restless soul
Ceases to cry for rest and lies at peace,
Who art thou?
O tell me, art thou human or divine?

If human, then in what place dost thou dwell?
May I bide with thee—ever be thy slave?
I'll follow where'er thou dost lead the way.
For whether thou art God or man I know
That thou art he in whom help may be found
Oh I have wandered all this wide world o'er,
Seeking for peace but always sorrow found,
And now, at last when I, about to die
Had lain me down that peace has come.
Leave me not, therefore, whoso'er thou art;
Have pity on my sorrows for 'tis thou
Who, taking all away, canst give me Rest.
From out the dark a voice came clear and calm,
Quite low and yet so full of melody,
So full of pathos ringing so with love,
That my poor soul—all thrilled and dazed with joy
Could scarce make out the meaning of the words—
"O little lamb I came to seek thee here.
Thou askest who I am and where I dwell
I am thy shepherd—though thou knewest not
I have been seeking thee the whole world o'er,
Aye calling but thou wouldst not answer me.
For I have loved thee my poor little one—
So loved that I did shed my blood for thee,
Hadst thou but known it, I was ever by,
But thou wouldst never yield thyself to me.
For thou wast seeking peace in lands afar,
And little thoughtest thou that at thy side
The giver walked and sought his gift to give—
Yea, sought to give, but thou wouldst never take.
Thou soughtest peace below but thou hast found
It is not there, so I have come to help,
And give thee what thou long hast sought in vain
Then silence fell, and yet felt the hand,
Still breathing forth its message to my soul.
I did not not speak for something said within.—
"Keep silence, listen, pray.

(To be continued)

"The spade of the excavator in Egypt has recently brought to the surface a papyrus fragment which contains the greater part of Zechariah and the Septuagint text, and its date is approximately the seventh century. The find has been added to the collection owned by the great University of Heidelberg."

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CARPET GRASS.

A garden has been established by the Government Plant Bureau for the experimental cultivation of matting-grass—the plant from which the Japanese manufacture the beautiful grass-carpet so widely used in this country. If the enterprise is successful, as is expected, wide areas of abandoned rice-fields along the Atlantic coast will once more become profitable.

This sort of grass is easily woven by looms, and it is estimated that we could produce enough of it in the United States to represent, when converted into matting, a value of at least \$2,000,000, a year.

With this end in view, methods of propagation are being carefully studied out at the garden referred to, and roots of the best matting-grasses have been fetched from Japan, through the agency of our agricultural explorers. Similar grasses, however, are native to some parts of our own country, being found wild over extensive areas of "tule lands"—that is, overflowed lands in California.

THE UPLIFTED FACE.

BY REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

"Then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot"—this phrase, found in the book of Job, in the fifteenth verse of the eleventh chapter, is extremely beautiful as a figure of speech, and at the same time very suggestive as a fact in religious experience. It expresses the attitude of a soul at peace with God according to the provisions and terms of the Gospel. Confidence is implied in this utterance, for a man without peace and confidence will hang his head with guilt and shame, not lift it up without spot. It would be well for us to cultivate more the grace of the uplifted face, the look of trust and confidence in our Heavenly Father. He is good; his attitude toward us is loving; his acts are wise. Let us lift up our faces toward him without spot, without any dark form of distrust or doubt.

Again, in the uplifted face, fellowship is involved. We dare to look steadily, with the uplifted face upon those we know and love, and whom we are sure know and love us. "Then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot," when you have fellowship with God; not alone when you have confidence in him, but when you know him and are on terms of intimacy with him.

Furthermore, a degree of happiness and cheer is involved in the face uplifted without spot. The uplifted face implies a degree of happiness, and increasing happiness results from the uplifted face. Do we realize the fact that there is help and cheer in the very state of looking up? If you are sad, or in sorrow, or burdened, try looking up. Look up into the sky. See the hill-tops, the fleecy clouds, and the blue heaven beyond. The fact is, we all look down too much. We look down when we are at our work, when we are thinking, when

we are troubled, when we are ashamed, when we are sorrowful. Looking down is usually the sign of some sort of burden being upon the heart or mind. Not that it is wrong to look down. Not that we should pay less attention to work or duty. But we must learn also to look up. We must have the soul-expanding look. We must have the cheering change of the upward look, also the resting change as one lifts his eyes, occasionally from the book he is studying. We must not live in a despairing or desponding attitude. The upward look brings cheer and freedom and hope. Look up. Lift up your eyes without spot, and you will see the hills and the trees and the stars and the blue heavens. This will calm you and steady and comfort you.

A woman who had lost her first-born and only child fell into a sort of unsettled state of sorrow and melancholy. She was a Christian, but she seemed to find it impossible to be comforted. A wise friend told her to look up, to try looking up into the sky often every day. She testified that it broke the spell of her melancholy, and that it had proven of immense help and had brought comfort to her.

Let us lift up our eyes, and our hearts with them, to larger and nobler things to joyous things. David in exile once exclaimed: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help." What David saw was the temple and the prayers that ascended from it, the sacrifices there offered, with the smoke ascending to heaven. He heard the music of the temple choir. He became conscious of the truths there uttered, and they became real and precious in his memory. Yes, he came into fellowship with God himself. This is the advantage of the upward look. It brings us both into consciousness of God and into fellowship with him. David was an exile, but by the upward look he saw these things, heard them, and fully realized them.

Purity also is hinted at here. The face without spot is clean and pure. The spots make it unclean and in need of cleansing. "Lift up thy face without spot." Cleanse your heart, your mind, your thoughts—cultivate purity that you may be able to lift up the face toward God.

A young Christian woman, speaking of her mother, said recently in conversation: "Mother always believes in people who look her straight in the face." We have long given a growing son the advice: "Whenever you speak to people look them straight in the face." There is honesty and purity implied in the uplifted face without spot. It is both indicative of honesty, and conducive to increasing honesty and purity of heart and motive. Let us learn to lift up our faces toward God, saying, "Search me, O God, and know my thoughts, try me and know my heart, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way of everlasting."

Then, too, beauty is also implied in this phrase. The face that is covered with spots and stains has its beauty marred, and perhaps really destroyed. Oh that



we may be able to lift up our faces to God in the beauty of holiness! Holiness gives clear views of sin, and leads men personally to abstain from all appearance of evil and to teach others to do so. The holy man's skies are clear, his sun shines steadily, his eyes are on the throne, and he moves forward with unspeakable peace, and with a certainty of victory, for he sees God and cannot doubt.

Holiness transforms and transfigures men; it brightens the eye, quickens the step, exalts the life, makes faith perfect, renders vocal the silent tongue, cures heart-ache, banishes bitterness, and satisfies the soul with good things. Holiness is heaven on earth, and holy men and women are its ministering spirits, its earthly angels.

Let us seek this beauty—the beauty of holiness. Let us strive to be able to lift up the face without spot. Let us try to realize the transforming result of the uplifted face. The change is “from glory to glory,” from one degree of spiritual beauty to a higher. It is a gradual growth.

A Christian is sure to grow lovely—by just loving—by just going on in love for Christ. It has been fabled from old times that the graceful swan was changed from a most ugly bird into its present beauty, merely because of its constancy to its mate. But, oh, how Christian fact is sure to outrun classic fable! The soul grows wondrously lovely just by loving, by pouring out its faithful affection; and all the more so when the object of its affection is the Lord Jesus Christ, the one altogether lovely. We behold his face, Jesu's face, as in a glass, and are changed into the same image, from glory to glory even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

ZULU GOOD SAMARITAN.

Mr. Sidney J. Long, for some years a missionary of the London Missionary Society in South Africa, tells the story of a chance visitor at his station who was prostrated on his foot journey by malarial fever. The man was a Norwegian who had lived a half wild life as jockey and gambler in various countries. In the course of his wanderings he left Delagoa Bay, East Africa, for the Transvaal. On this tramp he was obliged to seek refuge in an abandoned blockhouse, where he expected certainly to die. But a young Zulu, about seventeen years of age, discovered him, took him up in his arms and carried him to his own hut by the river; went back for his kit, and with his own hands prepared for the sick man a bed and refreshment. When the European was beginning to recover, the Zulu passed hours in reading to his patient from the Zulu Bible, and when at last the Norwegian was able to depart, the African refused to accept the money which was offered for his service.

“LIKE MEN”

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT.

“Like men”—that was what came into the mind of Paul when he was trying to find words in which to exhort the Corinthians to prove themselves worthy of the cause to which they had given themselves.

“*Quit you like men*”—what did these words really mean to the stout-hearted man who wrote them? Just what are the qualities which will be displayed by the one that is deserving of the name man?

A man will never flinch in time of danger. Those Corinthians of the early church had many things to meet which the Christian of our day knows little about. They would need the peculiar kind of bravery which lies at the bottom of the life of the true soldier—strength of heart to come face to face with peril. How many times have we been told by men who have served in war that they never went into battle without feeling their knees tremble under them? It required an unflinching will to step up into the rain of shot and shell which was mowing down hosts of brave men. No man fit to be called a man is a coward.

But a man may be brave with a certain kind of stoicism and still not be a very good man at heart. Manliness in the highest sense of the word recognizes the power which is over all. It is that which changes the daring, reckless warrior into a strong, trusting defender of the right. Fearlessness must be tempered by confidence in a supreme guiding spirit to make a man a man. In the Civil War one soldier told another that every step he took on the way into a great battle was marked by a prayer to God for guidance and for the victory of right over wrong. The man who is a man will trust. He will pray for the success of truth. He will place himself fully under the direction of the Lord God of hosts and he will not forget that he is a messenger for his King.

One other quality belongs to true manhood. Manliness cannot exist without tenderness.

At first thought it may seem out of place to look for this quality in the soldier. But let us read on a little way in the letter Paul addressed to the Corinthians and see if we do not find warrant for this statement. He has just been saying to them, “Watch, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.” Now he goes on, “Let all things be done with love.”

We have been slow to get this word *love* into our hearts. Read all the books of tactics ever written for the direction of the armies that have marched up and down the earth and you will not find the word love. You will read many a direction for action on the field of dress parade, or out on picket when the night is dark and the enemy lies encamped close at hand, or when the battle is on and life may be short; but nothing whatever of love and tenderness. That word has to be written on the heart by the finger of the Man who came to tell the world what is the mission of love.

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FARMING IN NORWAY

(From the Bulletin of the American Geographical Society.)

Think of a country that has but 740 square miles of ploughed land! More, indeed, might be tilled were it not needful to keep it in meadow. In some places the Norse farmer has actually carried back to overlying slopes the soil which rains, in the process of tillage, have swept down upon the lower fields. No crop seems more luxuriant than potatoes, seen in garden patches, planted in rows not more than twelve or eighteen inches apart, and covering the ground completely when midsummer has come.

No agricultural process is of more interest than the haying. The dairy is the staff of life, and scythes, like a small sickle or a corn cutter, are carefully wielded over rough and hummocky ground where the American farmer would turn loose his sheep. Yet in the better meadows the growth is rank and full; not tall, but soft, thick and fine, and matting so close that there is added reason for drying, as the people do, upon hurdles or trellises. Much too moist are the air and soil to cure grass in the way of other latitudes. It would become fertilizer rather than forage if left to cure on the ground. On the hurdle, its fine texture turns the rains effectively so long as sun and air need to continue their work. Thus haying proceeds along the fiords, while the sacter, the mountain dairy, is in operation on the heights, whither the cattle and the dairy-maids have migrated for the summer period.

Sometimes from these heights a taut wire is stretched to the homestead below, down which, three thousand feet or more, the products of dairy and forest are transported. I did see haycocks at Oie in American fashion, and there are mowing machines in Romsdal; but, in great part, the cow standing docile in a small boat crossing the lake at the head of the Hardanger is a type of the primitive life of man and beast on the farms of Norway.

A curious mode of catching turtle is practised in the West Indies. It consists in attaching a ring and a line to the tail of a species of sucker-fish known as the remora. The live fish is then thrown overboard, and immediately makes for the first turtle he can spy, to which he attaches himself very firmly by means of a sucking apparatus arranged on the top of his head. Once attached to the turtle, so firm is his grip that the fisherman on drawing the line brings home both turtle and the sucker. The latter is then ready for a new excursion.

"The mental effects of alcohol," says Dr. Robert Jones in *The British Journal of Inebriety* (July), "differ according as they are the result of a single large dose or repeated smaller doses. The latter may have been kept well within the bounds of 'moderation' and yet under the stress of shock or illness they may be responsible for evidences of mental disturbance. A tendency to delusions of persecution is very common in chronic alcoholics. Visual illusions, or delusions based upon them; delusions of the grandiose, boastful, or vainglorious order; and those of a suspicious and persecutory character are almost invariably caused directly or indirectly by alcohol. Alcoholic insanity may be hallucinatory or delusional in type, both varieties tending to terminate in dementia, which in some instances may be the primary form. The most characteristic symptom of alcoholic insanity is paramnesia—a failure of memory for recent events, a loss of the quality of nerve cells by which images of past sensations are retained and consequently a defect of the power of associating ideas. This condition—with its resulting confusion of memory—is largely responsible for the deliberate and shameless lying which usually distinguishes these patients. There is also a mental restlessness and wandering, the patient being confused as to time and place. Another peculiarity of chronic drinkers is the impulsiveness of all their reactions when these become excited. Hence such patients exhibit violent temper and unrestrained license in action and speech. In one class the moral nature is much perverted, but there still remains the knowledge of right and wrong and the capacity, under a sufficiently powerful stimulus, to abstain from alcohol."

"From the bark of trees and shrubs the Japanese make scores of papers, which are far ahead of ours," says D. G. Fairchild in *The National Geographic Magazine*. "The walls of the Japanese houses are wooden frames covered with thin paper, which keeps out the wind but lets in the light, and when one compares these paper-walled 'doll houses' with the gloomy bamboo cabins of the inhabitants of the island of Java or the small-windowed huts of our forefathers, one realizes that without glass and in a rainy climate, these ingenious people have solved in a remarkable way the problem of lighting their dwellings and, at least in a measure, of keeping out the cold. Their oiled papers are astonishingly cheap and durable. As a cover for his load of tea when a rain-storm overtakes him, the Japanese farmer spreads over it a tough, pliable cover of oiled paper, which is almost as impervious as tarpaulin and as light as gossamer. He has doubtless carried this cover for years, neatly packed away somewhere about his cart. The 'rikisha' coolies in the large cities wear rain-mantles of this oiled paper, which cost less than eighteen cents and last for a year or more with constant use. An oiled tissue paper, which is as tough as writing paper, can be had at the stationer's



for wrapping up delicate articles. Grain and meal sacks are almost always made of bark paper in Japan, for it is not easily penetrated by weevils and other insects. But perhaps the most remarkable of all the papers which find a common use in the Japanese household are the leather papers of which the tobacco pouches and pipe cases are made. They are almost as tough as French kid, so translucent that one can nearly see through them, and as pliable and soft as calfskin. The material of which they are made is as thick as cardboard, but as flexible as kid."

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

"One of the most useful adjuncts of the modern church," says *The Christian Endeavor World* (Boston), "is the American Institute of Sacred Literature, whose principal is Dr. William R. Harper, president of Chicago University. It now offers forty-six courses of study, of all degrees of difficulty, including ten new courses designed to train Sunday-school teachers by correspondence."

Mr. Edmund Gosse, the eminent English critic, has written a letter to the London Bible Society in which he says of the Bible: "It would be impertinent for me to praise the English Bible, and needless to dwell upon its value as a model of noble language. But since you offer me this opportunity I should like to insist on the importance to those who are ambitious to write well of reading the Bible aloud. It is a book the beauty of which appeals largely to the ear. By one of those almost miraculous chances which attended upon the birth of this incomparable version, each different part of it seems to have fallen to a man appropriately endowed for that fragment of the task. The gospels, for instance, vibrate with the tender and thrilling melody of stringed instruments; in the narrations of the Old Testament and in the Psalms we find a wider orchestra, and the silver trumpet predominates. When young men, therefore, ask me for advice in the formation of a prose style I have no counsel for them except this: Read aloud a portion of the Old and another of the New Testament as often as you possibly can."

When a tree stands so that the length of its shadow can be measured, its height may be readily ascertained as follows:—Set a stick upright, let it be perpendicular by the plumb line. Measure the length of the shadow of the stick. As the length of its shadow is to the height of the stick, so is the length of the shadow of the tree to its height. For instance, if the stick is four feet above the ground, and its shadow is six feet in length, and the shadow of the tree is ninety feet, the height of the tree will be sixty feet (6:4:90:60). In other words, multiply the length of the shadow of the tree by the height of the stick, and divide by the shadow of the stick.

POMPEII.

Late explorations of the Italian coast near Pompeii have changed the opinion of antiquarians. The submerged Roman ruins along the coast used to be regarded as foundation walls thrown out for sea baths, but it was made clear that they are the remains of noble mansions, and that they point to the time when he land on which they stood was far above the level of the sea. The shore is, in fact, strewn with the wreck of buried cities. Coast roads have vanished, ancient quarries have been flooded, and the breakwaters of the harbors of classical story covered fathoms deep with water. A great submarine sea wall, with concrete piers seventeen feet high still protects the fragment. But neither the fragments nor the great sea will have been visible in the light of day for two thousand years.

POOR MEISSONIER.

The success of Ridgway Knight calls to mind that he was Meissonier's only American student. Poor old Meissonier was indeed poor. The lavish expenditure he had laid out on every detail of a picture—costumes, uniforms, arms, and other still life—beggared him. George Petit, the great picture-dealer, held mortgages on everything almost that he possessed—every picture and every sketch he made; so that when, showing Knight some correction or criticism to be explained, he drew a pencil sketch, after he had finished it, instead of throwing it away he had, by agreement, to tear it up.

A gentleman to whom he was showing his beautiful house and collection of rare pictures once said to him: "I see work of every great artist, but none of yours."

"*Helas Monsieur*, I am too poor to possess it."

It is a singular fact that America is indebted to Pompeii for the great industry of canning fruit. When the excavations were just begun, a party of Cincinnatians found in what had been the pantry of a house jars of preserved figs. One was opened, and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigation showed that the figs had been put into the jars in a heated state, an aperture left for the steam to escape, and then sealed with wax. The hint was taken, and the next year the canning of fruit was introduced in the United States, the process being identical with that in vogue in Pompeii twenty centuries ago.

NOTICE.

The J. A. V. Training Class will be re-opened on May 1st, 1907 at the Dufferin Christian Girls' High School Lahore. All desirous of joining and wishing to obtain scholarships, should communicate as soon as possible with the Principal.

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